

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

VOLUME LXII

Published Every Thursday  
at 90 Ft. Washington Ave.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1933

Subscription Price, \$2 a year.

NUMBER 6

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1896, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1919

## Abraham Lincoln

This man whose homely face you look upon,  
Was one of nature's masterful great men;  
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;  
Direct of speech and cunning with the pen.  
Chosen for large designs, he had the art  
Of winning with his humor, and he went  
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;  
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.  
Upon his back a more than Atlas load,  
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;  
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road  
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed,  
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give place  
To this dear benefactor of the race.  
—Richard Henry Stoddard.

## Lincoln

Lincoln's last surviving neighbor of the time of his residence in Springfield is Mrs. Olivia Whitman, Vandalia, Ill. As a girl, she was Olivia Leidig, an orphan, who went to Springfield, when her parents died in Vandalia, to make her home with an aunt, Mrs. Julia Ann Spriggs, who lived next door to the Lincolns. Of the many pictures which Mrs. Whitman recalls concerning the Lincoln household, the most vivid is that of the great emancipator carrying a small child, his free hand guiding another and a troop of happy youngsters following closely, with a circus as their objective. She was privileged to be one of this little group, and due to the generosity and consideration of Lincoln toward children, she regards the period of her association with the Lincolns as the happiest of her life.

In both households, Olivia was a favorite, and Tad, the irrepressible, harum-scarum son of the Lincolns, passed much of his time in the Spriggs home. Mrs. Lincoln, fearing that the mischievous boy would make himself unwelcome by his pranks, would delegate her husband to go over and bring him home. Entering by a rear door Lincoln would solemnly ask, "Where is that bad boy?" Mrs. Spriggs would defend the lad, replying: "I do not think that he is so very bad. You are surely mistaken, Mr. Lincoln." The Lincoln would hedge a bit, as Mrs. Whitman recalls, "Perhaps you are right, Mrs. Spriggs. Tad's really not very bad, but I don't want him to become unwelcome over here and I want to keep track of his whereabouts."

Mrs. Spriggs would then indicate by a nod the hiding place of the boys, usually under a bed, and Lincoln would laboriously get down upon his knees and drag his son from his retreat. All enjoyed the scene, despite the fact that it was repeated many times, and Tad would be carried home in triumph, high upon the shoulder of his tall parent.

It was on circus day, Mrs. Whitman recalls, that Lincoln really became a king for the children of the neighborhood. It was his delight to seek out the boys and girls whose parents were in reduced circumstances and who were unable to purchase tickets. With his own children and a crowd from the neighbors, Lincoln would start out for the white tents. He would hold up the smaller children so that they could get a good view of the animals and other attractions. Lincoln was always tender and considerate and was fairly idolized by all the children, Mrs. Whitman recalls.

When he purchased his winter supply of firewood, Lincoln would always order a load left at the Spriggs door. "Had more than we needed, so we sent it over," was his explanation. In the summer, on hot days, he would carry over a piece of ice, knowing that the Spriggs could not afford such a luxury. "Had more than we could use, and rather than see it melt, brought a small boat over," he would say. It was the same deced. Mrs. Spriggs and the children fully understood and all were deeply grateful for his never-falling kindness and thoughtfulness.

It was thus that Mrs. Whitman came to know and love the martyred President, not as so many others have laid claim to the honor through the shallow contacts of political association, the practice of his profession, or in grasping his hand during a presi-

dential campaign, but in a pre-war setting and with those intimate bonds that could be found only by neighborly contacts.

Although not a member, Lincoln accompanied his wife to the Presbyterian Church. He gave as his reason for not joining that "he did not want to be a stumbling block to some one else."

Mrs. Whitman heard the brilliant young attorney relate many stories, always told at the right time to illustrate a point. He was rather clumsy at dancing, and persistently refused to take any instruction in the art, much to the disappointment of Mrs. Lincoln, who was fond of society. Of the latter, Mrs. Whitman says: "Mrs. Lincoln was always kind to her children, although she was prone to excitability and rather impulsive, saying many things that were sharp and caustic, and which she afterward usually regretted. She was extremely ambitious and very proud of her sons."

"She was likewise a prophetess, as she made no effort to conceal her belief that her gifted husband would some day be President. At social functions she would talk confidently of his future, predicting his nomination and election. Lincoln always objected to this however. Mrs. Lincoln was a beautiful and cultured woman, always well dressed and possessing a sparkling wit. She was always a conspicuous figure and Lincoln was very proud of her."

When the Lincolns left Springfield for Washington, not to return, there was a void in the Spriggs household. The sanguinary days of the Civil War, the assassination of Lincoln and his burial at Springfield, all made a vivid impression upon Mrs. Whitman's mind, but her memory dwells chiefly on the days when she was treated as one of the family of her distinguished neighbor.

## Birthplace of Lincoln by No Means Squallid

And now there has been brought to light practical evidence that the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln was not the pitiful hut of poverty that has been described lugubriously by historians, nor was the great emancipator of humble and poor parentage. A letter-book of Capt. John Dunlap, historic printer of Philadelphia, and wealthy landowner, coupled with a research made recently by a newspaperman of Kentucky, brings out plainly these refutations.

Since the recent discovery of the important work rendered during the Revolution by Captain Dunlap and Lieutenant Claypoole, printers of the first daily newspaper in America and official printers of the Continental Congress, John Barr, Connecticut historian and a member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, has followed the documents of Dunlap and revealed through his study, many interesting facts of historical value.

The latest source of information that has come to notice is the letter-book of Dunlap, loaned the Historical Society by the noted printer's great-grandson, George Chapman Bleight of Haymarket, Va., formerly a Philadelphia attorney. The letters are the correspondence of Dunlap and four other wealthy men who traveled to the very spot in Kentucky where Lincoln's family came from Virginia, in order to invest in land there.

By comparing the report of these men to their Philadelphia associates and the documentary evidence presented in a book compiled by Louis A. Warren, a newspaperman of Hodgenville, Ky., Mr. Barr has drawn conclusions which he points out as adequate to dispel the popular belief in the poverty legend.

Abraham Lincoln needed no such tale to enhance his greatness. His rise from obscurity was mighty enough, starting from the Kentucky bluegrass frontier—it is not necessary to fable his beginning from a low level.

The correspondence Dunlap offers testifies to the richness of the land, the beautiful resources of the country and the splendid type of men who populated the section. John Dunlap, his brother James, George Keightley, William Orr, the engineer, and Michael Hillegas, then treasurer of the United States, were partners

in purchasing 135,000 acres of the Kentucky land. Later Dunlap's son visited Elizabethtown, ten miles from the Lincoln birthplace, to carry on his father's affairs.

At the same time that these men who made the long journey from Philadelphia, via Pittsburgh, the Ohio River, Lexington, Ky., Abraham Lincoln, grandfather of his namesake, who became President of the United States, left his comfortable home in Virginia for the same purpose—to invest in the newly opened land of promise. Abraham Lincoln had extensive holdings in Virginia and purchased large tracts in the new country.

## Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

## TORONTO TIDINGS

Mrs. Colin McLean, who has had much trouble with her teeth for months past, has now found relief in their extraction, and she is now bound to get better condition in health.

Owing to our Superintendent and Assistant Superintendent being away on January 22d, Mr. W. Watt in Hamilton and F. E. Harris in London, Platform Conventor Harry E. Grooms was our acting Superintendent for the day.

As per schedule, many of her old friends were looking towards seeing Mrs. Walter Bell, of Oshawa, give one of her customary pleasing hymns at the close of our service on January 22d, but she failed to turn up, so Miss Pearl Hermon closed in the connecting link with "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Mr. John R. Dunn, a postal clerk in the Ottawa postoffice of fourteen years standing, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts at "Mora Glen" for a few days, during the week-end of January 20th, and while here met many of his old schoolmates.

Once again the Bowen Sisters pleased another good crowd at our service on January 22d, when they smartly rendered that ever soothing duet, "Under His Wings I Am Silently Abiding." Their gestures and poise are becoming more and more tranquil under constant practice.

Mrs. Frank E. Harris was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Doyle in North Toronto, where she has been staying since her recent serious operation, and had no idea that Mrs. Mary Muckle, who lives next door to the Harris home on St. Patrick Street, was on the brink of eternity, but when the sad death news came flashing over the telephone, Mrs. Harris was not only overcome with heart-breaking grief, but hurried down to her own home to comfort the bereaved ones and to prepare her own home to take in a share of the big crowd of mourning relatives and friends, who turned up for the funeral, in spite of the well-known expression that "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Mr. Walter Bell, of Oshawa, was the main speaker at our service on January 22d, and gave a very enlightening sermon on the sayings in the Book of Jeremiah, "The Way of Man is not in Himself," exposing the sure folly one is apt to meet who takes unto himself or herself the self will or self estimation of hope or power. No one can succeed without God's help. Mr. Bell has one pleasant fact and that is he always has his sermons well memorized. There was a most refreshing turnout at this service.

Our young friend, Gordon Richardson, has the heartfelt sympathy of his many friends upon the death of his beloved mother, Mrs. John Stuart Richardson, who suddenly passed away into the blessed fold on January 23d and was buried on January 26th, in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Gordon's father was hastily summoned from Chicago, where he had previously gone, but came too late to bid his wife a last good-bye.

Mr. Edward Pilgrim, of Niagara Falls, was in this city visiting relatives over the week-end of January 21st, and in the meantime took a run down to see his wife at the Whitby hospital.

At a recent gathering of our Ki-cuwa Club, Mrs. F. E. Harris surprised the members by quietly dropping in to see them for the first time

since her recent operation, and was very warmly welcomed. However, this was not all, for after the society had finished its labors, Mrs. Harris, unexpectedly entertained all to hearty refreshments, to the surprise yet hearty delight of all. A hearty welcome accorded one returneth manifold.

Mr. William R. Watt resumed his duties at his stand on January 25th, after almost a month's idleness due to a temporary lay-off. Only the day before he reported for duty, Mrs. Watt told him he would have to wash their residence windows the following day or she would belabor his back, but a short time afterwards Mr. Watt was notified to report to his firm for duty. We now presume Mrs. Watt will give old Bill the window cleaner job the moment he is again laid off, instead of the last day.

Our Bible class was addressed by H. W. Roberts on January 25th, who took for his subject: "He was led like a lamb to the slaughter"—giving the facts why our Saviour meekly and steadfastly accepted His doom on the Cross. All because He loved us. We were pleased to see Mr. Charles McLaren, of Long Branch, out to our Service here on January 22nd. In spite of the heavy and steady falling rain our fourscore and five years old veteran braved the elements and came out, probably because he wanted to see Mr. Walter Bell, from Oshawa, and his lecture, for Mr. McLaren, himself comes from Raglan only nine miles north of Oshawa.

Our Bridgen Literary Society had an evening on January 27th, when a few of its members gave daring and awe-inspiring addresses on great heroism which we had never heard of before, and each speaker was roundly applauded.

Instead of meeting fortnightly, as has been its custom in the past, this society will now meet every three weeks, the next gathering to be held on February 18th.

It was a great surprise and heavy blow to us when we heard of the death of our beloved friend, Mrs. Mary Muckle, who passed away very suddenly on January 21st in her 82nd year, and we are sure her passing on will be learned with great regret by the deaf all over the land, and we extend our most sincere sympathy to her deaf daughter, Miss Elizabeth Muckle, and her brother, Ernie, as well as other relatives in their sad bereavement. As space is limited in this issue a more detailed account of her life will appear in your next issue.

Our Young People's Society held its fortnightly meeting on January 23d and as it was a meeting of exceptional interest it was opened to all who cared to come. On this occasion, Dr. J. McLaurin, a well known dentist, husband of our former Miss Grace Fraser and brother-in-law of Mr. John T. Shilton, Leader of this society, gave a splendid and well illustrated lecture on the growth, formation, and natural embodiment of the teeth, as well as how they are apt to become decayed through negligence. Moving pictures of the same were also shown. Mr. Ernest Peterkin interpreted for the doctor and the good turnout enjoyed a well defined address. Dr. McLaurin was heartily thanked for his service.

The Women's Association of our church staged a "Poverty Social" in the "Gym" on January 28th, and it was a humorous event that attracted a fairly good crowd. Miss Mary McQueen, of Guelph, who spent that week-end with us, won first prize for ladies, and Mr. Ford for the gents. Mrs. E. J. Crocker and Mr. W. R. Watt were second prize winners respectively. All her friends were delighted to meet Miss McQueen again.

Miss Edna Egginton gave a very pleasant surprise birthday party at her home on January 26th, in honor of Mrs. F. P. Rooney, and a great time was enjoyed in various ways, followed by a hearty repast. When such an event is given by the Eggintons, it always goes over the top.

## WINDSOR WAVELETS

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Payne were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Charbonneau in East Windsor on January 18th, and all had a nice time together.

Miss Dorothy Crough was given a surprise birthday party on December 27th, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed by all present.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Charbonneau and children, of East Windsor, visited Mr. and Mrs. George MacDonald in Windsor a short time ago, and were surprised to meet their deaf friend, Miss Sophia Fishbein, of London, who was then spending a three weeks' visit at the MacDonalds.

Mrs. John Crough, of Walkerville, and her mother, Mrs. Alex. Buchan, Sr., of Toronto, were recent visitors at the home of the Charbonneaus.

At a most delightful party gotten up by Mr. and Mrs. Leon Charbonneau at their home on the last evening of the year, the thirty-two guests made the fleeing moments merry in bidding the old year a last farewell and ushering in the new "babe" with great acclaim. The kind hostess treated all her guests to a grand repast before dispersing.

Mrs. John Crough gave a surprise party, in honor of her mother, Mrs. Alex. Buchan, Sr., of Toronto, on January 9th. Mrs. Crough served her guests with dainty eatables before they took leave.

On the eve of her departure for her home in London, Miss Sophia Fishbein was tendered a surprise farewell party by Mrs. Lionel Berthiaume, and the three score guests had great fun tip-toeing off old-fashioned dances, which they had learned at their old school in Belleville. All enjoyed a tempting lunch.

Mr. Albert Berthiaume, of Detroit, brother of Mrs. Leon Charbonneau, left for a pleasure trip on January 10th, for Philadelphia, Pa., and New York City, and on his return on January 17th, went over to his sister's in East Windsor and gave an interesting account of his wanderings in the "Quaker City" and Gotham.

When the Charbonneau family went over to Walkerville to pay the Crough family a call, they were surprised yet delighted to meet Mr. Alex. Buchan, Jr., of Chicago, whom they had not seen for over ten years. Alex. was looking fine.

## REGINA RAMBLINGS

Mrs. Jesse Calder and your sub-correspondent accidentally met each other one day lately for the first time in many moons, and found her in great spirits.

Though a large number of the employees of the Robert Simpson Western Ltd., have been laid off, our friends, Messrs. Robert Hanson and Louis Halprin, are still working there, but have had a twenty-percent slash in their wages.

Our old friend, Mr. George Grant, who is drawing old-age pension, was a guest of Mr. Robert Hanson and had his Christmas dinner with Bob and his sister. Our deaf boys got together and raised a tidy fund of money and gifts for good old George as a Christmas cheer stimulant. No wonder Mr. Grant was happy.

The write-ups in the JOURNAL under the caption of "In the Long Ago," is eagerly read by the deaf here, and especially by Mr. Robert Hanson, who knows many of those so far mentioned, and this has prompted him to relate how he and Mr. Jonathan Henderson, now of Sarnia, Ont., brought barrels of laughter at many a "bontome entertainment at the old Belleville school close onto forty years ago. These two, then young clown performers, frequently appeared in many an act that was then the talk of the day. So clever that many thought they were professional actors. It was the late William Nurse, then shoemaking instructor at the school, who groomed them through their antic routines in the quiet seclusion of the old shoe shop after hours.

A hearing brother of our old school friend, Mr. James Kelly, of Glen Meyers, Ont., is living in this city, and we often come across him. He is a pleasing conversationalist in our own language.

While laconically strolling down the street the other day, Mr. Robert Hanson was accosted by Mr. Robert A. Lennox, brother of our David Lennox, of Phelps, Ont., and a nice chat ensued. Robert is in the real estate here.

## ST. THOMAS SPLASHES

Miss Ada James spent the week-end of January 27th, in Toronto. Her teeth needed attention.

While at his work recently and in a moment of idle imagination, Mr. George R. Munro got the first finger of his left hand severely damaged.

The first imitation we had of the death of our friend, Mr. Frank Hardenberg, of Pontiac, Mich., was when a farmer came in to the shoeshop of Mr. John W. Smalldon to have some work done. This farmer, who hailed from Talbotville, five miles west of this city, and the old home burg of Mrs. Hardenberg, immediately broke the sad news to the Smalldons, saying that Mr. Frank Henderson had received a telegram from his sister, stating that her husband had just died. Mr. Henderson at once left for Pontiac. This melancholy news was a great shock to us all, and we condole with the bereaved relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smalldon's youngest son, Clarence, with his wife and child, who have been in town visiting his parents and friends for a spell, returned to the "Automobile City" the other day. However, they are expected back soon to take up permanent residence in this district.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Paul on January 26th, when a jolly bunch dropped in to play cards and carry on a general conversation. All were surprised to see some of the tulips in Edward's flower bed sprouting up, which is unusual at this time of the year.

George Eames, younger brother of our Carl, met with a painful accident on January 22d. In going to the scene of a fire, some miles away on his bicycle, he was sidetracked by a passing car and thrown to the roadway, receiving a fracture of the arm and a few external injuries. He was rushed to the Memorial Hospital, where he underwent an X-ray examination and later the bones were re-set, and then he was taken home on January 25th.

On January 21st, a farewell party was tendered Miss Irene Stoner, at her mother's home, prior to her departure for Galt, to accept a position in a shoe factory in that city, as there are no vacancies in any of the St. Thomas factories, the majority of which are either closed or on part time. The evening was spent in all kinds of games, and the whole local deaf population were present. At midnight a delicious lunch was served by Irene's beloved mother, assisted by a number of close friends. On taking leave, Mr. W. J. Smalldon, assumed a good samaritan roll by motoring home some of those who had a long distance to go. We regret losing Miss Stoner from our mission choir, but wish her every success in her first position.

## SARNIA SAYINGS

Mr. and Mrs. John Mackie, of Dresden, have named their little daughter, Mary Alice Mackie.

We have not seen the Kresins of Port Huron for a long time, which is contrary the usual custom when they frequently came over for friendly calls.

Mr. and Mrs. Jontie Henderson recently went for a long motor trip to Wyoming, where they made a pleasant call on the William Wark family whom they found doing splendidly.

On Sunday morning, January 22d, Mr. Jontie Henderson received a telegram from his niece, Miss Eva Hardenberg, of Pontiac, Mich., stating that her father, Mr. Frank Hardenberg, had passed away from an attack of chronic pneumonia. Mr. Henderson at once flashed the telegram to his brother, Frank, at Talbotville, Ont., and Frank and his wife, immediately came to this city and leaving their car here, jumped into Jontie's car, after taking a good lunch here, and with Jontie at the wheel, crossed to Port Huron, and made fast time for Pontiac.

Mrs. Jontie Henderson could not accompany the party on account of her aged mother being alone, nor could George Henderson, of Talbotville, get away either because of his twin girls being down with scarlet fever. On the way to Pontiac the party stopped at Mount Clemens, Michigan, where they left Mr. Frank Henderson at her old home, and the two brothers then proceeded on to their sister's home to attend their brother-in-law's funeral. Mr. Cas. Sadows, Mr. and Mrs. William Riberdy, of Detroit, as well as a large number of the deceased's deaf friends of Pontiac were at the funeral. The two Hardenberg children, Ernie and Florence, brought home from the Flint School to have a last look at their beloved father.

Mrs. Hardenberg was formerly

Miss Annie Henderson of Talbotville, and graduated from the Belleville School in 1896, and is a sister of George and Frank Henderson of Talbotville and of Jontie Henderson of this city. The deceased was one of the deaf Hardenberg family and a graduate of the Flint School. We extend sincere sympathy to the bereaved ones.

## OTTAWA VALLEY OPTIONS

On January 15th Abraham Hanna happened to strike for the home of Mr. and Mrs. Honore Henault for a social chat and was surprised to find a goodly bunch of friends there, which made the time all the more pleasant.

January 19th Ian Simpson and his Capital Bowling team tried conclusions with a picked team in a hockey match at Plouffe Park and when the smoke of battle had lifted Ian's team was on top by a score of 3 to 0, Ian himself netting all the goals. Every Tuesday and Thursday they play at Plouffe Park, weather permitting.

Our old friend, Carman Quinn, is still on the job at his barber shop in Brockville and reports his business taking a steady upward trend.

Of all our chess players in this city and neighborhood, Messrs. Abraham Hanna and Paul Savard seem to be the best experts and it is a toss of the coin as to which can win the premier crown.

On January 25th there was a fast and exciting game of hockey staged at Bingham Square when the Plouffe team and the team of the Ottawa Deaf Club faced each other for supremacy. Although it was but an exhibition game it took on all the earmarks of a championship game. However the combination work of our team seemed too much for their opponents, winning by 9 to 7.

The composition of our team was as follows: Goal, Murray Brigham; Defence, C. Maurice and A. Hanna; Centre, Archambault; right wing, Lanzon; left wing, Clairmont, and three subs. Ian Simpson would add greater stimulus to our team were he able to get away, but finds he is always "pinned down" at the Capital Bowling Alleys. Perhaps we may have a better team on the ice next season with more seasoned players and more recruits to draw from.

## MONTREAL MENTIONS

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. McGillivray of St. Jean's, were the guests at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Armstrong in St. Lambert on January 21st, and remained there over night, returning home Sunday morning. Miss Winnie Dickson, of St. Helena Park, was also at the Armstrongs for tea that Saturday.

Mr. Herbert Weavly, who was working here for a while, has left for his home in Toronto.

Mr. Stephen Marshall, of Arthur, brother of our own Miss Jessie Marshall of that town, is one of the scintillating players on the Arthur hockey team that is now playing in the group made up of Arthur, Harrison, Palmerston and Listowel. Steve's team played a league game with Palmerston on January 11th, and came home with the bacon by a score of 4 to 0. We understand Miss Jessie Marshall spent Sunday, January 29th, with a girl friend in Shelburne.

## GENERAL GLEANINGS

The JOURNAL is arousing more and more interest among the deaf through Canada from coast to coast.

There was a splendid gathering of the deaf at the service in the Y. M. C. A., in London on January 22d, which Mr. Frank E. Harris, of Toronto, very ably conducted. Mr. Charles A. Ryan, of Woodstock, was among this crowd.

Mr. Wilner, of New York City, was in this city looking up old friends recently, and according to his version, left for the West.

Mr. Harry Oliver, of Verdun, spent the week-end of January 21st, with his wife and infant son at his wife's parental home in St. Jean's, nearly thirty miles out. Mrs. Oliver and little Wilfrid will be returning to their home in Verdun before long.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. McGillivray recently took a motor trip to Bingham and Farnham, and had a pleasant time.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 9, 1933.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor  
WILLIAM A. RENNER, Assistant Editor

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS

One Copy, one year, \$2.00  
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

### CONTRIBUTIONS

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL  
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Whenever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base.  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

### Abraham Lincoln

The anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln brings to the mind the wonderful personality of a self-schooled man who rose from the crude surroundings of a log cabin to the highest office in the gift of the people of the United States.

Homely of face, gaunt of figure, tall of stature, he combined sincerity and charm, equipoise of heart and head, that compelled the admiration and won the trust and loyalty of his fellow men.

He became President of the United States of America at the most critical period of its history, at a time when the burden of his office was almost too heavy for mortal man to bear. The sorrows of the people were his sorrow—he felt their agony and fame. His great speech at the dedication of the cemetery of fallen soldiers at Gettysburg thrilled the entire world—not by its eloquence only, but by its oratory and patriotic fervor.

Lincoln had a tragic death at the hands of an assassin. But not before he had succeeded in the abolition of slavery and in cementing the State into one and indivisible Union, wherein "the government of the people, for the people, and by the people, shall not perish from the earth."

### Educating the Deaf

At a luncheon recently given by the Rotary Club of Philadelphia Dr. Elbert A. Gruver, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Institution at Mt. Airy, spoke about the education of the deaf. His talk was broadcast over the radio. He enlightened a few and must have surprised many who had no conception of the difficulties presented in the education of deaf children. Speaking broadly, he did not confine his remarks to any particular method of instruction, but in a few words made it clear to listeners that experts and expenses were essential in the production of intelligent and useful citizens who were hampered all their lives through the lack of the most important of the five senses. Here are a couple of paragraphs that our readers might bring to the attention of friends and acquaintances who can hear:—

"Think of the colossal job of taking a deaf child five or six years of age, who has never heard a word spoken, and who has to be taught laboriously a word as applying to a certain kind of object which he can see only.

A deaf child assimilates about 125 words a year, so that it takes about ten years to get the child to the point where it is just beginning to get a grip on things—where it can really start with the rest of its education. For this reason, naturally, the child is three to five years behind other children in school who have all of their normal faculties.

There are 550 children in the Pennsylvania Institution, one of the oldest and best known in the country. It was started by private subscription, by men whose names will never be forgotten, and children are taken in at 5 years of age, and kept until as late as 22 years of age. It costs \$610 per capita to take care of the child.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" was the inquiry addressed to him.

"No," he replied, with the utmost gravity. "What I desire is a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

## St. Louis

Mention has been made in these columns of a serious injury to Ross Sutton, a well known figure in local circles, by being run over by a bus soon after Thanksgiving. We regret to state that after six weeks in a local hospital, Mr. Sutton succumbed to the shock of his injuries, that was aggravated by an attack of pneumonia while in the hospital. He died on the 21st in his fifty-eighth year, leaving behind a wife, two sons and seven grandchildren to mourn his death. Rev. Steidemann officiated at the funeral on the 24th, the coffin being borne to the grave by six fraternal brothers of St. Louis Division.

Mr. Sutton was one of the oldest brothers here, having done the most work in starting the local division, that from the original seven has grown to two hundred members. To him belongs the chief credit when in those days back in 1909 and before, the frat was not so strong as now and devotion to it and getting members to join was a lot harder work than now. The numerous floral pieces at his bier gave mute evidence he was not forgotten. Ross was a graduate of the Kansas school.

The deaf were still talking of his death when we were startled with the demise of another well-known figure, Eudorus Harden, patriarch of the deaf, one of the best loved silents in town, who passed away in his seventy-fifth year, after a short illness of two weeks' duration. He liked to walk around the business districts and see the changes wrought from his youth, and it is thought over-exertion in this caused him to have a stroke that brought about his death.

He leaves a wife, with whom he celebrated his golden wedding two years before, two sons, two daughters and three grandchildren. The Rev. Steidemann officiated at his funeral on the 28th, with fraternal brothers of the N. F. S. D. pall-bearers, being interred in the same cemetery as Ross Sutton and not very far away from his fraternal brother. Beth will be sadly missed by all their friends.

The financial depression seems no deterrent to Dan Cupid, as we can chronicle four marriages occurring in our local circles. One feature common to all being that the marriages were all surprises to friends, save a few being left in the secret in advance. Miss Margaret Stack was united to Mr. Andrew Fredericks, Miss Ethel Rosenthal to Mr. George Marsh, of Columbia, Mo.; Mr. Joseph Buhr, of Belleville, to Mrs. L. Pettigrew, of East St. Louis, Ill.; and to remind us of growing old age, the son of our Henry and Selma Burgherr informed all that his sweetheart, as we understood her, was in reality his wife since last June. We wish all a happy and prosperous wedded life together; they have shown courage in starting together in these trying times and we trust that love and courage will carry them through till more prosperous days are here again.

The Home Fund gave their annual affair, usually a mask ball, but for these times changed to a card party, at the Gallaudet Club on the 21st. The crowd was smaller than usual, due to slim purses these days, but a good time was had nevertheless with Mrs. Cuverton as chairman of the occasion.

St. Thomas Mission used the evening of the 28th for a card party in which Mr. McDaniel and his corps of assistants gave all attending an enjoyable night, sufficient to forget one's worries for a while. A nice profit was realized from the evening. The Ed Himmelscheims received a belated Christmas present on the 28th of December in the shape of a baby daughter—their first child.

Sol Rubin, an old time resident, came from his present home in Detroit to get a berth here for a while, but found conditions as bad as elsewhere, so took his Buick back to the Ford city, after a short stay here seeing old friends.

Among the recent deaths that affected the local colony were the father of Mrs. Beck, the sister of Mrs. John Gilmore, the aunt of Mr. J. Burgherr and the death of Mr. Cady, one of us who had not been seen for a long time, having stopped coming to the gatherings of the deaf for some years past. He leaves a wife and son.

A bunco and euchre party is scheduled for the 15th at the Gallaudet Club, with Mrs. Harry Berwin in charge of the evening. The proceeds are to go to the Dr. Cloud memorial fund that is being raised by the Woman's Guild of St. Thomas, to secure an enduring memorial of our loved minister.

### Repaying Bad Coin

A certain well-known actor is, says the Philadelphia Ledger, a stickler for correct English both on and off the stage, and often takes an opportunity to set right the erring in this respect. On one such occasion he had gone into a New York drug store and announced to a clerk his need—a man's comb.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" was the inquiry addressed to him.

"No," he replied, with the utmost gravity. "What I desire is a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

## GALLAUDET COLLEGE

By Andy Mack

As the month of February was ushered in, a light fall of snow fell during the first week-end. This thin coating of Jack Frost's product only caused students to put on their galoshes before going out of doors.

During most week-ends the campus schedule has a heavy load. If it is not basketball for the boys, the girls are having parties, midnight spreads with all the trimmings or miniature conventions to discuss local and world news. In some instances the strain has become so great as to threaten a breakdown of the boys' reading room table, especially on Sundays, when local newspapers arrive and the boys all seek to be the first to read them.

Early in the week a special meeting was held in Chapel Hall to welcome back Captain Victor O. Skyberg, formerly a member of the College Faculty, later head of the Minnesota School, and at present at the helm of the Fanwood School. Captain Skyberg gave an impromptu talk on "Keys," using his own key ring to emphasize the value of having the right key for the right keyhole. Everyone was delighted to hear kind words of advice from a man who has been working with the deaf for years. It is not often that Superintendents stop long enough to appear before the student body, but when they do appear their speeches are always appreciated.

Amongst the confines of College Hall, where for fifty and more years most of the leading deaf men of this age have at one time or another resided while in college, and most of the representative deaf men of today spent some time on Kendall Green, the trend of the times have taken its toll. Years ago the gas mantels gave way to electric lighting, but it was a big jump from electric lighting to radio. Today there are about ten semi-mutes among the boys and without exception these are all radio enthusiasts. One boy has a home-made set.

In one room on the second floor, one of the old rooms in the original wing of College Hall, reside John Leicht and Tom Delp, two freshmen who aspire to become artists. As you enter the room on one side of the doorway you cannot help seeing a towering structure in black, a replica of the Empire State Building, on a ten-foot wall. From a distance the charcoal drawing is very real and any New Yorker would feel at home. On the walls are drawings and paintings of almost everything you can think of. Leicht and Delp are taking a course of study at the Corcoran Art Gallery and will be heard from in the years to come.

At the regular Literary Society meeting last Friday night a fine program was delivered to the public. Mr. John O'Brien, of the class of 1932, gave a reading "Vendetta," from Marie Correll's famous novel. Mr. O'Brien's smooth delivery was flawless and a treat to the eyes. Messrs. Alfred Calliguri and Valentine Pristera, two Preps, gave a dialogue entitled "Fix." Earl Norton '35, gave a declamation of the famous poem, "The Incident at the French Camp." Mr. Clarence Olson, '34, nominally secretary of the Society, presided in lieu of the president and vice-president, who were both absent on the basketball trip to New York.

Six games of basketball feature the week-end. While the Varsity took a trip to Philadelphia, East Orange and New York City, the Junior Varsity played three games at home. Out of six games only two were won, both by the Junior Varsity.

Thursday night Philadelphia College of Pharmacy trimmed the Blues by a 42 to 30 score. Vast improvement was noticed in this game and many loyal Philadelphia fans saw a game but losing Gallaudet team stick it out to the finish. George Brown and Seth Crockett found the cords for ten points each. At home on the same night the Junior Varsity faced a tartar in the Kendall School quintet and before it could get going lost a 20-9 game. Layne and Ladner, scoring seven points between them, led the losers in scoring.

Friday night, in a new scene, at East Orange, New Jersey, Gallaudet's varsity dropped the second game to Upsala College by a 40 to 22 score.

At home on Friday night the Junior Varsity humbled Professor Frederick H. "Ted" Hughes' gymnasium class team, 23 to 21. It was a rough and tumble game, the Hughes men became Horribles and an exciting game ensued. At the half time both teams were tied at eleven points each. Hughes' Horribles scored but four goals, making thirteen points from the charity line, while the Junior Varsity tallied ten goals and three free throws. Cecil Davis and Glenn "KC" McConnell led the winners with six points each.

Closing their three-day trip to the East, Gallaudet tossers played Long Island University in Brooklyn on Saturday night before a large crowd of loyal supporters. Despite the cold many loyal friends of the Kendall Greens attended the game, hoping to see them win. Playing much better than before, Gallaudet slipped under the wire ten points in the rear of a 39 to 29 score.

Trailing 25-14 at the half, Coach Wally Krug's tongue lashing did marvels to the team and in the last half the boys, spurred on by the fact that they were playing in New York at last, spurred and almost evened the score with the Brooklynites. Burdett and Crockett, sparkplugs in the night's game, contributed some long shots from the middle of the floor that brought Blue supporters to their feet, but the faster Brooklynites by dint of superior team work, came down the home stretch in front.

Ken Burdett surprised everyone by scoring ten points to lead the Gallaudet squad's scoring. John Davis found the cords for eight points, but as a whole the boys were outclassed by the fleet, rangier, and more experienced Long Island team.

Washington Silent Club felt the sting of defeat on the Kendall Green floor on Saturday night, when the Junior Varsity annexed its second game out of the three played, by a 37 to 17 score.

Splitting honors, Gallaudet mat artists tied the Boys' Club wrestling team on the Kendall Green floor last Saturday night. Both teams won two matches and scored ten points. In an extra exhibition match Coach Sollenberger of the Blues went out of his way to tackle Pincus, Boys' Club middleweight. Gallaudet's big match of the season will be with the Johns Hopkins University team at Kendall Green on March 3d. Summary:—

118 pounds—Clarke (G.) defeated Coffman (B. C.) by a fall in 1 minute and 40 seconds.

125 pounds—Larkin (B. C.) defeated Shanks (G.) by a fall in 8 minutes and 5 seconds.

145 pounds—Sollenberger (G.) defeated Triantafillos (B. C.) by a fall in 1:12.

155 pounds—Pincus (B. C.) defeated Patrie (G.) by a fall in 2:47.

Exhibition—Marsh (G.) defeated his teammate Sellen (G.) by a fall in 4:30.

Exhibition—Pincus (B. C.) threw Sollenberger (G.) in 3:03.

## Buffalo, N. Y.

We have just learned of the death of Mrs. John Burneister, one of the inmates of the Gallaudet Home. Mr. and Mrs. Burneister formerly made their home in Buffalo.

Mr. James Di Natle, of Batavia, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Johncox, and other friends in Buffalo.

Miss Bernice Frieberg, who has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Sol D. Weil, for the past month, has gone to visit relatives in Cincinnati before starting for her home in Spokane, Wash.

The Saturday night bridge club was entertained by Mr. Sol D. Weil, at his residence, and a lovely chicken supper was served, and all had a wonderful time. Mr. Cohen, of Erie, Pa., was guest of honor. Mr. Albert Ode is the next one to entertain the club sometime in February.

The N.F.S.D. Buffalo Division, No. 40, will give a "Ten Cents Party" at the Elmwood Music Hall, February 25th. There will be movies, dancing and amusements of all kinds. Come and give us a boost.

There will be services for the deaf in Calvary Lutheran Church, Dodge, and Elliott Streets, Buffalo, Sunday, February 19th, at 7:45 p.m., to which all are heartily welcome, especially if you have no church of your own. Lutheran Missions for the Deaf are ready to serve all deaf.

The Joint Charities for the Deaf gave a card party and dance, at St. Mary's School for the Deaf, January 16th. There was a good attendance, and beautiful prizes. Success was due to the chairman, Mr. Milan Macakauja.

There will be services for all who care to attend, the second Sunday in February, at the Episcopal Church rooms on North Street. Mr. Herbert C. Merrill, of Syracuse, is pastor.

Mr. Frank W. Messenger recently took a party of friends to Binghamton and Elmira in his car, and all had a lovely time visiting their deaf friends.

G. G.

## 887 Deaf-Blind Persons in United States

There are, according to a report made in the American Braille Press, 887 persons in the United States and fifty-seven in Canada who are both deaf and blind. The report is a summary of the conclusions of a survey conducted by Mrs. Corinne Rocheleau Rouleau, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Rebecca Mack of Cincinnati.

"As a class," says the report, "the deaf-blind in our midst are not only the most heavily handicapped and lonely of all human beings, but also the most neglected. We even know of blind-deaf children who have been placed in asylums for the feeble minded without proper trial—the so-called intelligence tests being quite worthless in evaluating their potentialities."

The data obtained by Miss Mack and Mrs. Rouleau was turned over to the Volta Bureau in Washington, which will act as a clearing house for information about blind-deaf.—West Va. Tablet.

You'd better live your best and act your best and think your best today; for today is the sure preparation for tomorrow and all the other tomorrows that follow.

The victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work.

## FANWOOD

On Thursday evening, February 2d, the pupils, teachers and officers assembled in the chapel at 7:30 o'clock and were treated to a delightful lecture on the "School of Wild Life" by Major Phillip Martindale, Chief Ranger at the Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming.

He began by describing the location and area of Yellowstone Park and the purpose of making it a National game sanctuary. He described the scenic beauties and natural wonders of the place, and dwelt at length on the habits of the animals sheltered there, especially of the colony of grizzly bears at the park. Several new and interesting facts of animal life were propounded, one of which was the surprising information that a bear cub weighs less than a pound at birth.

Major Martindale also spoke on the life and routine duties of the rangers at the park, in winter time when the snow is several feet deep and the men are isolated in their sections for six months.

Following the lecture, there was an exhibition of lantern slides which showed the scenic beauties in their natural colors, and also the subjects of the lecture.

At the conclusion, Major Martindale was heartily applauded for the pleasant evening. Supt. Skyberg was the translator throughout, standing in the glare of a spotlight at one side during the stereopticon part, and his interpreting was much appreciated.

The earliest organization closely related to the school work was established in 1865 and named the Fanwood Literary Association. It was composed of the advanced pupils, the (Principal) Superintendent, who was to be perpetual Counsellor, and the instructors.

The original Peet Memorial Fund dates back to the eighties, when the Fanwood Literary Association launched a project to erect a statue of Dr. Harvey P. Peet on the school grounds. Through subscriptions and the proceeds of entertainments the fund reached some \$3000. Following the deaths of Dr. Isaac L. Peet and Professor Currier, a proposition was made to the members of the surviving Peet family that they consider and determine to what final purpose the Fund should be devoted, it seeming impossible to raise sufficient to erect a suitable monument.

The suggestions of the Peet family are embodied in the accompanying resolution:—

"Resolved, That the Peet Memorial Fund of the Fanwood Literary Association be hereby given to the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

Be it further Resolved, That the Treasurer of said Institution be the Treasurer of the Peet Memorial Fund.

Be it further Resolved, That the income of the said Fund be used as scholarships for pupils designated by the Institution."

In accordance with this Resolution by the Fanwood Literary Association, the Fund has been turned over to the Treasurer of the Board of Directors of our Institution. With accumulation of interest the Fund had reached the total of \$4,999.31. In order to make available to the Directors a sum in round numbers, a deposit of 69 cents was made to bring the figure up to exactly \$5,000. The income from this Fund will be used for scholarships for worthy pupils of the school.

The Executive Council of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs had a meeting at the Hotel Astor on Friday afternoon, January 27th, at which they endorsed a resolution presented by Mrs. John Smith, urging an amendment to the present Education Law to make deaf children of three years and over eligible for State appointment in approved schools for the deaf in the State. Superintendent Skyberg was invited to attend the meeting, and spoke in support of the resolution.

Representatives of the Joint Committee on Employment Problems of the Deaf met with Mr. Kaufman, Chief of the New York State Employment Service, on Wednesday afternoon, January 19th. Those in attendance were Dr. Hanna Miller, Principal of St. Joseph's Institute; Mr. Leopold Demuth, representing the Lexington Avenue School, and Superintendent Skyberg; Miss Louise Odencrantz, representing the Employment Center for the Handicapped. Some very constructive suggestions for developing an employment service for the deaf were formulated at this conference.

On Monday, January 30th, Mrs. Henry A. Stickney and Miss Marguerite H. Slack, of the Ladies Committee, called at the Institution and visited the Cooking Class Department, also the Institution kitchens. On Tuesday, January 31st, Major Francis G. Landon, President of the Institution, also paid us a visit.

George Lynch and Felix Kowalewski, two of our boys at Gallaudet College, were in town with the team, and dropped in to pay their respects to their Alma Mater Friday afternoon. George is now a dignified Senior, while Felix is a doughty little Prep. lad, with plenty of promise ahead of him.

Growing girls are much concerned with their appearance, so Miss Martin, the art teacher, has a splendid opportunity to awaken individual clothes consciousness. Realizing the increasing need for better taste in dress, a course in costume design has been added to the art program. This training might also be used as foundation study for those few who are to become fashion designers or illustrators. It is hoped that each girl will gain an understanding of how to dress to present as likable and attractive a self to others as possible.

On Saturday evening, January 28th, our school's basketball team scored a brilliant victory over its old rival, the Lexington Avenue School, at an affair given by the Xavier Bphpheta Society, at the Lyceum, New York City. The score was 30 to 20.

At the end of the first half the Lexingtons led us by the score of 16-15. At the start of the second half the Lexingtons made their only goal of that half, while our team piled up points until the whistle blew. Fanwood was awarded a 30 1/2-inch trophy. The team must win two more games in the next two years to clinch that trophy. Each player was given silver a basketball.

Another game of exceptional interest was played with the Gallaudet College team in our gymnasium on Saturday afternoon, the 4th. Our boys made a good showing against their heavier opponents, being defeated by the score of 37 to 14.

The Gallaudet team had come to New York to play the Long Island College in the evening. They arrived at Fanwood in a snowstorm, half an hour after the scheduled time to start, having got lost in the mazes of our big city.

## PHILADELPHIA

News items for this column should be sent to James Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

On Thursday evening, February 2d, Vicar Pulver again entertained the members of the Cleric Literary Association with Current Events of the more interesting kind. Owing to the writer's absence from the city he is not able to say what subjects he handled this time.

Charles H. Paxton visited Cumberland, Md.; recently to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law, Mr. Clarence Lucas, who died on December 9th last. Death was caused by a heart attack at the age of forty years. His wife and two children survive him.

Pennsylvania is certainly doing its duty in the matter of educating its deaf children. The Mt. Airy Institution is the leading school, and next is the Western Pennsylvania Institution. Other institutions are the Scranton Oral School, the Bala Institution, the Paul Hayne Institution in Philadelphia, and perhaps the least known Archbishop Ryan Home for Deaf Children, also in Philadelphia.

In another way Pennsylvania has a fine church for the deaf, and also a Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, Church Missions in many of the larger cities and the oldest literary society in America, the Cleric Literary Association, which on September 22d next will round its sixty-eighth year. There are smaller organizations athletic social and secular, but the above list comprises those now best known. We do not forget The Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, which, as the State society, has won a national reputation by its achievements in over a half century's time.

So much for Pennsylvania!

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Reider spent the past week at the home of Mr. Harry E. Stevens in Merchantville, N. J., during his absence in Carlisle, Pa. Mr. Stevens has an interesting variety of tropical fish which require daily care and a warm temperature to thrive in. He returned home last Saturday evening.

The following is the list of officers of Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. S. D., as elected at the December meeting of the Division, and installed on January 6th. President, Cecil H. Turner; Vice-President, Morton Rosenfeld; Secretary, James F. Brady; Treasurer, William L. Davis; Director, Joseph J. Tosti; Sergeant-at-Arms, David Singerman; Trustees, Elmer E. Scott, Wm. Lee Smith and Lewis W. Long. Howard S. Ferguson, the retiring President, was appointed Patriarch. A large Sick Committee was appointed with its members scattered over the city of which Robert T. Young is the chairman. Robert J. Robinson will lead the Social Committee with the following aides, LeRoy Gerhard, James J. Meenan, Nathan L. Schwartz and Israel Steer.

The Division will hold its annual frolic on Saturday evening, February 18th. See the advertisement of the event in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Owing largely to the continued depression the price of admission was lowered to fifty-five cents, including tax. Turngemeinde Hall, Broad Street and Columbia Avenue, is accessible from all parts of the city.

Mrs. Nancy Moore entertained a few friends at dinner on Saturday evening, 28th of January.

Mr. William Labree, the brother of Mrs. Emma Douchney, passed away of

heart disease on Sunday, January 29th, at his home in Gloucester, N. J. His widow, two boys and a girl, survive him. Mrs. Douchney and a sister are all that are left of the family.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. Lewis Long had a shoulder blade fractured by a fall downstairs in the back of her home about two weeks ago. She was treated for the injury at a hospital.

Saturday evening, February 4th, was the time for the Church Club's card party for the benefit of unemployed deaf in All Souls' Hall. Although the weather was stormy and disagreeable, yet a good-sized crowd attended it and helped to make it fairly successful. The affair was under the direction of Mr. William Foster, whose painstaking efforts deserved better success. The writer was out of the city and not able to attend the event, otherwise he would be pleased to report more details of it. It is known, however, that an unusually large number of prizes were given to the successful competitors in card games. The admission price included free refreshments.

We wish the youthful club better success the next time it tries to help such a worthy cause.

All Souls' rectory has been considerably improved by employment given through the 'Exchange' system. Those desiring similar improvements should apply to the manager for terms.

### ALL SOULS' KALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY

February 10—8:15 P.M., Meeting of the Church Club.

February 11—7 P.M. to 8 P.M., All Souls' Exchange.

February 12—9:30 A.M., Holy Communion at Trinity Church, Trenton, N. J. 3:30 P.M., Pre-Communion. 4:15 P.M., Bible Class.

February 16—2 P.M. to 5 P.M., P. A. S. Sewing Circle. 2 P.M. to 7:30 P.M., All Souls' Exchange. 8:15 P.M., C. L. A. Literary meeting.

February 18—7 P.M. to 8 P.M., All Souls' Exchange. 8 P.M., Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D.

February 19—10:30 A.M., Morning prayer at St. Andrew's Church, Wilmington, Del. 3 P.M., Holy Communion and sermon. 4:15 P.M., Bible Class.

February 23—2 P.M. to 5 P.M., P. A. S. Sewing Circle. 2 P.M. to 7:30 P.M., All Souls' Exchange. 8:15 P.M., C. L. A. Social.

February 24—8 P.M., Meeting of the Church Club.

February 25—7 P.M. to 8 P.M., All Souls' Exchange.

February 26—3 P.M., Evening prayer and sermon. 4:15 P.M., Bible Class.

## Portland, Oregon

The party at the Hope Lutheran Church for Deaf, on Saturday night, January 28th, was well attended. About forty were present. Rev. Eichmann, pastor of the above church, showed some very interesting moving-picture. Everyone present enjoyed the movie. Rev. Eichmann promised to give a movie entertainment each month in the basement of his church. Here is a good chance for us, who cannot enjoy the talking pictures at the theatre. After the movie, bunco was played until a late hour. New faces at the party were Mr. and Mrs. Thys. L. Ferwerda, from near Seattle, and Mrs. John Brickley. Mr. Ferwerda is considered the tallest deaf man on the Pacific Coast. He is six feet six inches tall. Prizes for bunco went to the following persons:—

First prize, Miss Akison; Prize for men, Mr. Frank Thayer. The booty went to Mrs. John Brickley and Mr. Patterson. The event ended with sandwiches, cake and coffee. The committee were Mrs. George Kreidt Mrs. Frances Young and Mrs. C. Walther.

Mrs. W. R. Coulter passed away on Friday, January 27th, at the home of her daughter in a small town in Washington. Mrs. Coulter, who was seventy years old, was an employee at the Vancouver deaf school for several years. A husband and three children survive her. She formerly lived in Nebraska.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Hastings, whose birthdays come on January 27th and 28th, were given a double birthday surprise at their home on Sunday, January 29th. Paul Hastings, their son, took his father and mother out in his car for a ride. Returning, the parents were very much surprised to find about fifteen of their friends, there. They were given many pretty and useful presents. The afternoon and evening was spent in chatting and tellings stories. Sandwiches, cake and coffee were served. Mrs. Cora Walther, with the aid of Mrs. Frances Young, Mrs. O. Van Eman and Mrs. M. Norton, were the hostesses.

Mr. H. P. Nelson spent the week-end of January 21st visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jack, of Chehalis, Wash., and found them well and doing fine. They told the writer about the big time they had at Seattle during New Year's and talked very highly of the hospitality the deaf of the Sound City.

Portland's Silent Basketball team went over to the Vancouver deaf school to play what was considered a hot game. The score was around 48 to 40, in favor of Portland team.

H. P. N.

### Housework

WANTED—A position at housework. Willing and capable. Please write to Miss Martha A. Koch, Box 313, Red Bud, Ill.



## NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

N. A. D.

On Tuesday, January 30th, under the auspices of the New York Branch of the National Association of the Deaf, a card party was held. There were twenty-three tables. The majority like the "500" game, but on this occasion it was noted that more were playing bridge than at card games under deaf-mute auspices. A few tables were allotted to whist players.

The victors in each game were:—"500"—Anthony Cudone, first; Mrs. Sally Yeager, second. Bridge—Mrs. Dorothy DeLaura, first; Mrs. Helen Greenburg, second. Whist—Mr. Ruegg, first; Miss Mary Austria, second.

The committee in charge of the N. A. D. convention next July were on hand and managed the party in a fine manner.

Mr. Kenner announced other entertainments to follow during February and March, of which due notice will be given.

The next public affair for benefit of the Convention Fund will be a Movie Night, under auspices of St. Ann's Church, on Tuesday evening, February 14th. Please come and meet your friends there.

### DEATH OF ANNIE GOULD SMITH

Information received from her son, Trevelyan Smith, announced the death from shock, at 9 A.M., on Wednesday, February 1st, of his mother, Anna Smith Gould, whose husband passed away a year ago. The funeral was held at Midland, N. J., on Friday, February 3d.

Mrs. Smith (nee Annie Gould), was born on June 24th, 1860, and entered Fanwood as a pupil at the age of eight, from Troy, N. Y., she graduated in June, 1880.

Up to the day, previous to the attack, she seemed to be in good health and spirits, but early the next morning she complained of inability to move, and death came later the same morning. Within the past ten years, and up to the death of her husband, she had been a resident of New York City and a regular communicant of St. Ann's Church. As a pupil at Fanwood she was a bright, intelligent girl, and blossomed into an attractive young woman—into, courteous and generous. Throughout her mature life she proved herself a charming woman, a faithful wife and mother, a loyal friend.

H. A. D.

"Technocracy" (the "new deal" that drives a person crazy) was the subject of a discourse by Dr. Thomas F. Fox at the Friday Evening Forum on the 3d. This Friday, the 10th, Mr. M. L. Kenner will be the speaker. Movies held sway at the H. A. D. Auditorium last Sunday evening, the 5th. The feature film was "Melody Lane," a poignant drama of the foot-lights.

A surprise party was tendered to Mrs. E. Bloom, in honor of her fiftieth birthday, by Mrs. F. Simonson and eighteen of her friends, on the twenty-seventh of January.

Delicious luncheon was served at the Windsor Gardens of West 55th Street, after which the guests went to Mrs. Bloom's home, where many old reminiscences were served. Late in the afternoon a beautiful birthday cake, which was a surprise from Mr. Bloom's sister, accompanied by ices, cream, candies, etc., was passed.

Mrs. Bloom was presented with a beautiful monogram pin by her friends, among whom were Mesdames J. Armuth, E. Lefi, O. Loew, M. Eisen, E. Hanan, S. Gomprecht, F. Ward, K. Memken, Miss Scovill and Miss Rippon. Those unable to attend were Mesdames Nemeth, S. Frankenheim, E. Lowenstahl, B. Goldwasser, S. Hersch, Rathheim and Miss Abrams.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League have been quartered on the top floor of 139-143 West 125th Street for the past thirty-three years. Their lease expires on the first of May, 1933. The Board of Governors are considering of moving elsewhere, and already have under consideration several places. More anon concerning this.

Mrs. Joseph Worzel and baby are in Derby, Ct., for a couple of weeks. Joseph in the meantime has more time to play, same as when the cat's away, the mice delight to play.

Joseph Klein, who was operated on of a cataract on his eye in St. Luke's Hospital with marked success, is now at his home, resting for a time. His friends hope that his eyesight will be restored.

Dorothy Rabenstein, daughter of Leonard Rabenstein, graduated from Junior High School on February 1st, 1933. She will go to a Brooklyn High School. She received a diploma for the second year of high school.

The Manhattan Division, No. 87, N. F. S. D., held its regular monthly business meeting on Wednesday evening, February 1st, in the Union League Hall with the new officers assuming their respective official duties.

B. S. H. D.

Friday evening service, the third of February. After service at the temple there were about sixty people present to hear Mr. William Renner, Assistant Editor of the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, deliver his reading about "The Seven of Hearts," which was very interesting. We hope that he will come to the H. S. D. again.

February the fourth some members of the H. S. D. saw Gallaudet College and Long Island University play basketball. Gallaudet College lost by a score of 39 to 29.

Miss Rebecca Spivack had two friends, who were her classmates at Hartford, Ct. They went out for sight-seeing in New York City.

The Society will hold its regular monthly meeting at the building of the Hebrew Educational Society on Sunday, February 12th, at 3 P.M. After the meeting, there will be a Card Party, at 7:30 o'clock in the evening.

The Knights and Ladies of De M'Eppe held a bunco and card party at the Johnston Building in Brooklyn on January 28th. The affair, arranged by Frank Cunningham and Edward Sherwood, was well attended and a success socially and financially. The proceeds went to the N. A. D. Convention Fund. The K. L. D. is making preparations for a series of social events, the first of which will be a Valentine Party in Brooklyn, on Saturday evening, February 25th.

On Sunday evening, February 26th, the New York Catholic Deaf-Mute Center, of which Rev. Michael A. Purcell, S.J., is a pastor, will stage a silent movie and magic show at St. Francis Xavier College Theatre, 40 West 16th Street. The proceeds will go to the N. A. D. Convention Fund. Doors open at 7:30 P.M. Paul J. Di Anno is chairman.

If the Union League Athletic boys continue winning—loving tups, the League will have to purchase another cabinet to display them. They won two in January.

The hearing brother of Miss Rose Polinsky was married on Saturday, February 4th.

### Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. E. O. Comp, of Omaha, Neb., arrived in Los Angeles, December 18th. After visiting with her son, Lieut. Owen Comp, of the airplane carrier "Saratoga," at Long Beach, and with a sister at Riverside and another sister at Pasadena, she has taken an apartment with Mrs. Minnie Holloway in Los Angeles. Mrs. Holloway gave a bridge party in her honor, the afternoon of January 13th, entertaining sixteen friends. After a pleasant afternoon, dainty refreshments were served. First prize was won by Miss Mary Peek and second by Mrs. Jessie Walton. Mrs. R. E. Stewart and Miss McConnell, of Omaha, Neb. Two hearing ladies were among the guests at this party.

Mrs. Stewart has been in Los Angeles since last summer. She is the widow of R. E. Stewart, at one time Superintendent of the Nebraska School, who had also been a teacher in both the Iowa and Nebraska Schools. Mrs. Stewart is quite well known to many of the deaf as she had been matron in several schools including Nebraska, Kansas, and we believe, New Mexico.

Los Angeles Division No. 27, N. F. S. D., will have their Fifth Traditional Masquerade Ball on Saturday evening, February 18th, 1933 at Sunset Masonic Temple, 1308 Orchard Avenue. Admission 35 cents. Sunset Masonic Temple is on the corner of West Pine Street and Orchard Avenue. Entrance on Orchard Avenue, which is two blocks east of Vermont Avenue. The Frat's Balls are always well attended and there will be Bridge or "500," too, for those who prefer cards.

Mrs. Waldo H. Rothert arrived home on Christmas Eve, after a visit since October with relatives and friends. Most of it was spent in Carthage, Mo., and vicinity, and the last ten days in Omaha, Neb., and Council Bluffs, Iowa. Mrs. Rothert is looking fine and feels refreshed by the trip.

### An Appreciation

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL:—We were indeed very much pleased to read the editorial in the January 26th issue of the JOURNAL under the caption "Help One Another," in which many kindly references are made of our Dixie Home for Aged Deaf at Moultrie, Fla., owned and operated by the Dixie Association of the Deaf.

This is one of the finest boosts the association has ever had in the public press and will have the tendency to convey to the public at large that the association has at heart the interest of our aged deaf irrespective of locality. Indeed if our association possessed the means to care for them, no aged deaf person from whatever section of the Union would be denied a refuge and a home in the Dixie Home for Aged Deaf.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. C. L. JACKSON, Secretary,  
Board of Trustees,  
Dixie Home for Aged Deaf,  
Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 1, 1933.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

### From the Crew of "Old Cormorant"

"Would ye think Jack Forsyth'd sit thar, calmly tinkerin' with his old engine, and my son out thar a-goin' to his death on Corn'rant Reef?" said Capt. Manuel Lewis. "Ain't nothin' he can do, but he don't seem to care a mite." The old fisherman's voice trembled with grief and indignation.

"Don't ye mind him, Cap'n Manny," said the man beside him, soothingly. "He's gone plumb daffy on that racin' machine of his. Ain't satisfied to make honest fishin' craft like his father and his grandfather afore him."

Captain Manuel's sad old face turned seaward once more. He seemed not to have heard. "And nothin' we can do to help. Nothin' we can do," he repeated brokenly. "In less than ten minutes it'll be all over."

The wharf of the little fishing village of Bayport, was crowded with anxious watchers. The raging southeaster dashed the spray into their faces.

Out beyond the reef the motor boat *Lucy*, with Captain Manuel's son Will, and Al Aborn, his partner, aboard, was in grave trouble. The *Lucy* had been out on a three-day fishing trip. Only a few minutes before, she had been sighted making for port. But she was considerably out of her course, and was in evident trouble. Apparently her motor had broken down. Instead of making the channel at the east end of Cormorant, she was blowing straight on the ledge, which was plainly marked in the storm by long stretches of white surf that came and went irregularly. The crowd waited in silence. There was nothing they could do. They could not possibly get a boat out to the reef in time.

It would not be the first tragedy on Cormorant Reef that Bayport had witnessed. Some years before, the Nomad, with Captain Saunders and her crew of five, had broken on the reef a little while after sunrise one winter morning; and many of the old fishermen remembered the wreck of the steamer Osprey, when twenty men went to their death.

Young Forsyth neither looked back nor answered. After two minutes' run in the swift launch, he had passed the low spit of land at the mouth of the bay, and was in the thick of the weather. As the sharp, knife-like bows of his slender craft cut the swirling seas, a smother of cold sea water deluged the young skipper. He had made everything snug fore and aft, however, and for the moment, at least, he thought that the launch was equal to the task he had set her. But the Skipjack had not been designed for that sort of going, and Jack knew the risk he was taking. If she could weather those towering waves for fifteen minutes, however, he would be out to the reef and back again.

He had confidence in his engine. He had thoroughly tested it, and, during the two years since he had graduated from the technical school, had added improvements that he had worked out himself. He ran it entirely from his seat in the cockpit, which was now hooded over, in order to keep out the driving seas.

Bayport was frankly disgusted with Forsyth. Upon the death of his father the year before, he had taken charge of the Forsyth Boat & Engine Company. Since then he had virtually abandoned the building of fishing craft, and had turned his attention to the more expensive "semispeed" launches and comparatively frail "runabouts." The fishermen held his racing machine, as they insisted upon calling it, in considerable contempt. But Jack had clung to his idea, and had already received encouragement in the shape of several orders for boats to be delivered the next season.

It was not in any spirit of bravado that Jack was now setting out in his frail craft in the teeth of the November gale. He knew that it was a perilous venture; but he also knew that this was the only craft in the harbor that could possibly reach the reef in time to save the men. Fortunately, he was familiar with every fathom of the Bayport waters, and he had the further advantage of being unusually skillful in handling his graceful twenty-one foot launch.

The fifty-horse-power motor responded instantly to every touch of the throttle. Jack felt a certain exhilaration in matching his boat and his skill against the wildness of the storm. But he never took his eyes from the clouds of white spray that marked the reef ahead. There were two men out there, and their lives were in his hands!

Just ahead of him now, halfway to the reef, was the rip of the tide. The southeaster, cutting across it, made it a caldron of tossing waves—a wild commotion of water thrown in every direction. He struck the first of it with a bang that threw him forward against his steering wheel and that sent a shudder along the length of the boat. Waves leaping at the boat menacingly from either side wrenched its long, slender body, until it seemed to him that her ribs must crack.

Although he realized that every minute was precious, he brought the boat down to half speed. Blinding sheets of sea water dashed into his face. At last he was through the rip, and was again in the rush of seas

that came straight toward him. He opened the throttle once more to the last notch, and drove the launch full speed ahead. At intervals he caught glimpses of the *Lucy* beyond the white spume of the reef, and he could see that she had only a few minutes more to live.

At breast of the can buoy at the east end of Cormorant he found the sea still rougher; but there was no time to slow down. The *Lucy* was dragging toward the breakers, stern on; her anchor had evidently refused to hold on the hard, sandy bottom against the powerful seas that deluged her almost continually. When a little to weather of her, Jack, picking his chance between two crests, swung sharply about, and bore down on her at slackened speed. His plan was to haul up alongside the *Lucy*, and after taking the two men aboard, to pull about again toward the open and away from the death trap.

In the cockpit of the *Lucy* the two fishermen clung, and with their heads bent to the showers of sea water that came aboard, silently watched the approach of the Skipjack.

Borne on by the driving seas, Jack realized that in another moment he would be swept past them, and reversed his propeller. The crest of a comber came aboard. As soon as it was past, he unbuttoned the tarpaulin that protected the cockpit.

With nice calculation he slipped alongside the *Lucy*, until there was only two feet of water between the two boats. It was an anxious moment. Young Lewis, cool of head, jumped square amidships, so that the Skipjack hardly rolled. Aborn, more clumsy, slipped as he got aboard, and falling, struck his back on the washrail. Jack let go the wheel, reached for him, and by exerting all his strength managed to drag him safe into the boat.

But that moment's delay was costly. As Jack threw over the wheel to swing away from the ledge a few rods ahead, where the surf was breaking, he saw that he was too late. A huge comber astern, gathering strength and speed, was carrying them on resistlessly. They could not turn against it and keep the launch right side up; if they advanced on the crest of the wave, they would be dashed to death on the reef. Suddenly he determined to try a bold manoeuvre.

Their only chance now was to ride the reef! He reversed the engine. It was a moment that demanded fine calculation and clear wits. The moment that the crest of the comber had slipped by, Jack started ahead again at half speed. It was not enough. The Skipjack was falling off into the trough between crests. Towering behind them came another huge breaker. If it caught them, the launch would be hurled end over end, and shattered to splinters on the ledge.

He advanced the spark another notch, and inch by inch the slender craft climbed out of the trough, with her nose pointed skyward. On the full sweep of the breaker there seemed to be depth enough to ride the reef, but a single wrong move would add three lives to the toll of Cormorant. With lips pressed tight and clenched teeth, Jack steadied the craft with a firm, unshaking grip on the wheel. No one spoke.

A little ahead, the crest of the breaker was curling, and a white smother of spray and foam dashed skyward. The Skipjack seemed to lag. Jack advanced the spark to the last notch, and faster still she shot ahead, almost on the ridge of the comber, with a good twelve feet of water beneath her. Could he keep her there on the crest if the wave, he wondered, without overrunning or lagging behind?

Beneath him, through the green water, he caught a glimpse of the brown reef. He shuddered; that one glance was enough. He leaned forward, and bent his head low in order to keep his eyes clear of the salt spray. The skipjack shot ahead at tremendous speed.

Every anxious moment an hour of suspense. Could she ride it? He asked himself again. And in the same breath the craft careened sickeningly to starboard, as if her port side had scraped on a projecting piece of ledge. When he turned the wheel up a little, in order to right her, she rushed on at the same terrific speed.

Presently Jack looked over the side of the boat again. The water was considerably darker, and he could no longer see the ledge. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw the spray of another breaker flung high toward the low flying clouds. The *Skipjack* had ridden the reef, Jack drew a full breath of unspeakable relief.

"The *Lucy*!" he said hoarsely. "Can you see her?" "No," answered young Lewis. "She's gone. I reckon. But you're leakin' pretty much from that scrape you got back there." He peered down beneath the flooring.

"How much?" asked Jack. "Three inches, perhaps." "Then we'll make it!"

A few minutes later they had rounded the point, and as the brave little craft neared the wharf, bringing back three men when she had taken out only one, a great shout went up from the waiting crowd.

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and

### The Atoms and the Universe

The atoms are of varying size and weight, owing to the number of electric units composing them, from the smallest hydrogen composed of one positive and one negative unit of electricity, to the heaviest and largest uranium, containing 238 units of electricity. Just how these electric units are arranged in the atom is not known, but that the atoms are nothing else but groupings of units of electricity we do know.

So small are the atoms that from one hundred to two hundred million of them are required to cover a linear inch, the number in a drop of water being millions times millions time millions. Though this number is vast beyond comprehension it can be definitely calculated. We know too, that the atom has a diameter a hundred thousand times greater than that of the electric units, a few of which compose it and move within it.

The atom is composed of units of electricity supposed to be moving around the center. The more units of electricity in the atom the heavier it is. We now know the mass and the size of the electron, which is a hundred thousand times smaller than the atom. We know that the atoms are mere groups of electrons, mere reservoirs of energy. The atoms of gold contains more electrons than an atom of iron. Hence it is heavier, but both are made of units of electricity. The substance of gold and of iron and of all the 92 elements is the same—units of energy moving as electricity.

Thus we have a new earth made of electric units, which we see in our mind's eye, and a new heavens beyond. We have recently learned that the sun and the other stars are composed of the same atoms as we have on earth, that the earth itself is composed of matter that once made the gases that were in the outer part of the sun and were pulled from it a few billion years ago by the passage near it of some immense star.

Recent discoveries have made us see with our mind's eye that all the stars including our sun are growing smaller in volume and less in weight, that they are radiating themselves into space as waves of energy. We know that the sun is losing 250 million tons of weight every minute, every ray of light and heat radiating from it being so much mass. This fact leads to the inevitable conclusion that all the stars will cease to exist as they become waves of energy which alone are permanent existences. The universe is becoming waves of energy.

The universe is now known to be composed of different collections of stars called galaxies, two millions of which may be actually seen with our best telescope. How many are existing beyond our ken we do not know, of course. Little patches of light, many of them spiral in form, called spiral nebulae, are now known to be galaxies, the smaller they are the farther away, each of these galaxies containing hundreds of millions of stars, the stars being trillions of miles apart. The galaxies are nearly two million light years apart.

The distance light travels in a year is known to be about six trillion miles. These galaxies are fleeing from each other, the one farthest from us traveling fastest. The rate of the farthest seen by us is 15,000 miles a second. The universe seems to be like an expanding circular balloon on the skin of which are many million galaxies fleeing from each other, the stars making these galaxies growing smaller and losing weight by the radiation of waves of light and heat, which travel around the universe in ever lengthening waves.

The galaxy nearest to us is 850,000 light years away. The farthest as described by our largest telescope is 140 million light years away. It is believed that there are billions of these galaxies that are beyond the limits of our greatest telescopes.

The galaxy in which we live, in which our sun is a star, is composed of many billions of stars, averaging seven or eight light years apart, all of them revolving around the common center like an immense wheel. The shape of the whole galaxy is like that of a cart wheel whose diameter is about ten times its thickness. Its diameter is about 150,000 light years, the sun being located about 40,000 years from the center.

The galaxy is like an enormous wheel studded with stars of varying sizes and different brightness turning around its hub, the stars nearest the hub traveling the fastest. Our sun is located about half way between the hub and the rim. The sun accompanied by its nine planets is revolving around the center of the galaxy at the rate of about 200 miles a second. The galaxy as a whole is revolving in about 200 million years. Our earth is traveling around the sun at the rate of 18 miles a second. The nearer a planet is to the sun the faster it travels.

We have recently learned that the sun is throwing out its mass as radiant energy at the rate of 250 million tons a minute. It weighs 360,000 million tons less today than it did yesterday. The earth catches one two-billionths part of these emanations from the sun which strike the earth with a force that totals 60,000 tons constantly. The sun's radiant light and heat exert this much force

with their impact on the earth. In the course of time there will be no sun nor any other star.—James Coffey Harris.

### The Romance of Art Pottery

By George Win. Veditz

The making of pottery in one form or another is man's oldest handicraft. It goes back to the Stone Age. The Troglodyte who, fired by some spark of genius, made the first stone-hatchet and with it won sovereignty over his fellow cave man, was probably also the genius who made the first clay receptacle for carrying and storing life-preserving water.

Pottery preceded agriculture and the domestication of animals, likewise ascribed to Neolithic man. These were rendered possible and necessary only when our remote ancestors left their cave or tree dwellings and sought a foothold on the flat along the river banks or shores of lakes. It even antedated the beginnings of architecture when adventurous and daring families and tribes first built their homes and shelters of branches and woven withes and dried grasses and skins.

Pottery was also the great-grandmother of invention. The first rude clay bowls and pots were dried in the sun, and some of these placed by chance or intention in the cave fire were found to have become as hard as stone. They were stronger and the margin of safety in various uses was greater.

Then men began to THINK. They found that the smoother the clay, the better the vessels made from it. They found that some clays gave better results than others. They learned to pick out gravel and stones and to wash out sand and impurities and plant-remains. The kneading of the clay, which they also learned to do with feet as well as hands or a paddle, brought—u iron—y ah ato ar l-nngYsl came more careful and through and the fires were regulated, we might say, more scientifically.

Ovens for baking pottery were the precursors of ovens for baking meats and bread, and oven-baked pots and bowls were the forerunners of kiln-baked bricks, enabling men to build homes strong enough to protect themselves against wild beasts and wilder men, and thus forming the nucleus about which were built future cities.

The first mechanic was also evolved out of the potter. Efforts to produce even and symmetrical modeling of his vessels led to the invention of the potter's wheel, and then there came his first machine. The grinder for clay was also the parent of the grinder for grain.

The first artist was not the cave-man who drew pictures of the mastodon and the saber-toothed tiger on the walls of his abode, but the primitive who sought to give more beauty of form to his vessels and then, as he found how to mix different clays and how to add different minerals, to evolve other colors than the ochraceous red bequeathed to him by his ancestors. Each forward step marked the passing of ages, and each improvement was the fruit of patient, painstaking experiment and effort.

Nevertheless no one race, no one habitable part of our globe can claim priority in any of these rudimentary manifestations of civilizations, and to have passed on its acquired knowledge or experience of pottery to other races and other locations. All these separate concrete proofs of awakening intelligence and progress had their root in universal primitive necessities of existence, of food, shelter and protection, wherever primeval man had established a habitat.

The pottery produced during successive ages and eras of the human race is the best index of the progress of intelligence and the best measure of the artistic development of the human mind and this record has a staggering antiquity.

The pottery fragments found in the lower strata of the silt and mud films brought down from Equatorial Africa by the annual Nile floods have been computed to date back over twenty-five thousand years, and artistic, painted Egyptian pottery has been actually proven to belong to dynasties of Pharaohs that ruled in Memphis and Thebes 6,000 years before our era or 8,000 years ago and to possess a more hoary past than the pyramids.

The ages that must have elapsed between the rough potshards of the primitive Nile humans and these cultured Egyptian potters of a later but still ancient day confound thought and imagination.

The only precedence Egypt can claim in this phase of human development is that of age. There must have been other races of equally ancient development, but by some adverse fate directed either by inimical man or by inimical nature they perished from the earth and left no known records.

The pottery collections in American and European public and private galleries are of marvelous variety and extent. About all existing and many extinct races and nationalities are represented in one or the other. Babylonian vases 4,000 years old are frequent. The samples of Greek and Roman pottery are entrancingly beautiful.

Hindu pottery in these museum collections is what might be expected from a beauty-loving race whose genius produced the Taj-Mahal, and Turkish and Persian ceramic ware tell

us tales of these peoples. While not many samples exist of old Hebrew pottery we are familiar with the role played by Rebekah's pitcher in her proxy-wedding by Isaac, and from our Sunday school days we recall the story of Gideon's three hundred men with their three hundred lamps hidden in as many pitchers when thrown to the ground thus aiding in the rout of heathen foes.

The genealogy of the tribe of Judah mentions a family of potters that supplies the royal households and presumably the rest of the nation. Hebrew pottery is unfortunately strictly utilitarian and destitute of the beauty so striking in that of nearly every other race. This may have been a result of the inhibition contained in the first commandment against the making of images, and again of the absence of the finer pottery clays in the soil of the Promised Land. The fall of the pottery idol Dagon and the destruction of the image of Baal by Elisha are high lights in Hebrew sacred history.

But the country where ceramics reached their highest and most far-flung development is the country whose name we have given to our tableware—China. Kaolin, a pure white clay consisting largely of decomposed felspar, and a necessary major part of all the finest pottery, gets its name from Kaul-ling, a high ridge about 350 miles south of Nanking, the old Chinese capital and which was an inexhaustible source of supply of this clay as our own Mesaba range is of easily mined iron ore. With this constant supply, Chinese pottery easily attained the extent and perfection at which we marvel. Successive dynasties of emperors gave the industry patronage as well as protection and raised it to the dignity of an art. The several dynasties selected certain colors as their favorite, and the Ming dynasty, in power from 1368 until 1615, was the patron of the turquoise-blue pottery whose delicate tints resisted every sort of imitation and reproduction until the advent of the greatest American potter in our annals, Artus Van Brigghe, of Colorado Springs.

The city of King-te-chen, a few miles west of the Kaul-ling ridge, was the center of Chinese pottery production. At its zenith it maintained a population of over a million well-ordered, contented, prosperous humans. Even the blind, the lame, the feeble, gained a living by expert testing of the plastic clay and by grinding colors. This great community was better governed and better policed and the laws better obeyed than in many of our American cities. At one period here were the incredible number of over three thousand active porcelain furnaces or pottery kilns, and at night the whole town seemed on fire with the red flare from the chimneys. Temples to propitiate the god of fire were numerous.

(To be continued)

### BRIDGE "500" WHIST

of members of the  
**FANWOOD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION**

on  
**Saturday, May 13, 1933**

Eight o'clock P.M.

at  
**FANWOOD SCHOOL**

163d Street and Riverside Drive,  
New York City

Admission, - - - 35 cents

Cash Prizes to Winners of Games

There will be other games for those who do not play cards.

REFRESHMENTS ON SALE

For the Benefit of the New York  
Branch N. A. D. Convention Fund

**The V. B. G. A.**

Will present a LECTURE by

**Mr. Victor O. Skyberg**

and a READING by

**Mr. John N. Funk**

at

**ST. ANN'S AUDITORIUM**

**Saturday, Feb. 25, 1933**

8:30 P.M.

Music Dancing Refreshments

Admission, - - - 35c

### ANNUAL

### Masquerade Carnival

Auspices of the

**Men's Club of St. Ann's**

**February 21, 1933**

(Particulars later)



